

A FAMOUS BRIDGE

Is That Spanning The
Squamscott River

BETWEEN TOWNS OF NEW-
FIELDS AND STRATHAM

Maintained As A Toll Bridge For
One Hundred Years

NOW TAKEN OVER BY THE COUNTY AND
FREED

Travelers over the old Stratham-Newfields bridge are no longer compelled to pay tolls. After being a toll bridge for almost exactly 100 years, it has at last been freed. The Dover Point, the New Castle and the Portsmouth and Kittery bridges are now the only ones in this section for the passage of which tolls are

charged.

The Stratham-Newfields bridge was built in 1807, taking the place of a smaller bridge which had spanned the Squamscott River for thirty-seven years. Before 1770, those who crossed the stream were forced to ford it. The Squamscott is navigable for vessels of 100 tons at low tide, but at places it is very narrow and fords were easily maintained.

For a time the bridge was a paying proposition, but it became less so with the passing years and for a decade its debt has been a menace to both Stratham and Newfields. Boards of selectmen tried many plans, bridge officers were frequently changed and special town meetings were held, but the debt constantly grew more burdensome.

Originally, it does not appear to have been the intention that Stratham and Newmarket, of which latter town Newfields was once a part, should bear any financial burden on account of the bridge. When Gov. Langdon signed the charter on June 18, 1807, the selectmen of the two towns were named as proprietors of the bridge, with the evident intention that they should simply manage its affairs.

Henry Wiggin of Newmarket built the bridge at a contract price of \$4,900. The bridge was opened on Dec. 10, 1807. It was agreed that the builder should receive his pay from tolls, with interest at six percent. On June 18, 1810, Wiggin received \$5,493.54 and the bridge

passed into the hands of a stock company.

The debt of the bridge was gradually lessened. From 1860 to 1880, there was a period of prosperity, the minimum debt being reached in the latter year, when it was but \$867.56. The necessity of repairs and other causes increased the debt in the next decade, until in 1891 it was over \$5,000.

The bridge has now been taken over by the county, with a debt of \$7,615.58, half of which is assumed by the two towns.

Tolltaker H. M. Marden has concluded his duties in that capacity, but will probably remain at the bridge as tender of the draw. The bridge is today almost as sound as when it was built.

THE LAST OF WINTER

Big Snow Drift Encountered on the
York Branch

Workmen clearing up the York branch of the Boston and Maine railroad for the resumption of service ran into a snow drift in the cut near Government grove at Kittery Point.

The snow was packed in solidly and much work was required to remove it. The drift was two feet deep and over 200 feet in length. The section crews on the branch will report for duty on Monday and the service will be resumed on April 14.

Lobstermen are preparing for the season's work.

KITTERY LETTER

Newsy Items From Across
The River

HAPPENINGS IN OUR BUSY
SISTER TOWN

Various Paragraphs Of Social And
Personal Interest

GOSSIP OF A DAY COLLECTED BY OUR
CORRESPONDENT

Kittery, March 30.
Richard Burnham and Levi Briard left today for Boston, having secured employment at the navy yard there. William Taylor of Exeter is visiting relatives in town.

Frank McEllan, who has been employed at the navy yard for the past three months, has taken his discharge and left for his home in Bath. Miss Helen Danbar, who has been visiting in Worcester, Mass., returned home today.

Miss Charlotte Bickford is passing a few days in Exeter.
The Ketchikan Consolidated Mines Company has been organized at Kittery with an authorized capital of \$5,000,000, to do a general mining business. President, Horace Mitchell; treasurer, S. J. Morrison.

There has been a heavy sea out-side for the past few days, as well as fog and haze.

The British steamer Amethyst, which has been at New York since bringing several cargoes of pulpwood here last fall, has sailed from New York for the Straits of Magellan, which will prevent her coming here, as was at one time expected, for some time.

At the Second Christian Church tomorrow at 10.30, "The Gladness of His Resurrection" will be the subject of the sermon by Rev. E. H. Macy. At 11.50 the Bible school, Baraca and Philathea classes will meet; at four p. m., Junior Christian Endeavor and at six the Senior Christian Endeavor societies will meet. There will be an Easter concert at seven by the Bible school. A cordial welcome is extended to all.

Services at the Second Methodist Church tomorrow will be as follows: Preaching at 10.30 by the pastor, subject, "The Risen Lord"; Sunday school at twelve; Epworth League at six; at seven, Mrs. Fred Hobbs will give a selection, with organ accompaniment. There will be special music at both morning and evening services. All are welcome.

Don't fail to secure your ticket for the song service, "Saved at Sea," a very interesting story, with music interspersed. Many who heard the story of "The White Rose" and "Pilgrim's Progress" will remember that these entertainments were very interesting. The date will be April 4.

Elmer Pray is at home from Orono, to pass the Easter holidays with his parents.

Kittery Point

Hiram Thomson, assistant postmaster, left on Friday for a visit of ten days to relatives in New York and East Orange, N. J. Miss Nellie Tobey is taking his place in the post-office.

Mrs. Runtel Safford is much improved from her recent illness. Lobstermen are getting their gear in readiness for the season's work.

The coves and creeks are full of plaice and many men and boys are daily seen in skiffs, spearing them for bait.

Cecil L. Seaward is enjoying a short vacation from his duties at the navy yard.

Many admiring persons are inspecting the interior of Frisbee Brothers' new store, which will be open for business Monday morning. All agree that both interior and exterior excel any thing of the kind yet seen in Kittery or Portsmouth.

Dr. J. D. Carly is attending the patients of Dr. T. W. Luce of Port-

smouth in conjunction with his own duties, during Dr. Luce's trip abroad.

Arthur Lewis, Jr., of Lynn, Mass., is visiting relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph P. Loud of Boston are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Wasson.

Mrs. Edward Cooper is visiting relatives in Portsmouth.

PORT OF PORTSMOUTH

Arrivals at and Departures from Our
Harbor March 29

Arrived

Tug Carlisle, Lloyd, Philadelphia, towing barges Trevorton, with 3,000 tons of coal for the Boston and Maine railroad, and Paxinos for Newburyport; unable to deliver latter barge.

Cleared

Barge Robeson, Philadelphia. Barge No. 14, Baltimore.

Sailed

Tag Piedmont, towing barge No. 5, Baltimore.

Tug Piscataqua, towing barges P. N. Co. No. 10 and Greenland for York.

Wind southeast.

Note—The following vessels are on the way to this port: schooners Paul Palmer, Hallie P. Simpson, Penobscot and R. Bowers.

TOO MUCH FOR HOOD

Portsmouth's Colored Pugilist Takes
the Count

A few days ago the jealousy which has existed between Portsmouth's boxer, Jesse Hood, and a former navy man, named Saunders, who came here on the gunboat Eagle, came to a point where one Jess and Saunders had it out.

Hood had the navy man for a while and expected to put him away in about six rounds, but the sailor boy was a good walter and knew the game as well as Hood. In the sixth round, he made a barnyard swing which landed on the side of Hood's knee and our Jess left the world for a few minutes and failed to come back on the count.

Hood will adopt a new system of training before he goes up against the former navy man again.

PORTSMOUTH COUNTRY CLUB

Concert Program for Annual Ball on
Monday Evening

Music for the annual ball of the Portsmouth Country Club on Easter Monday evening will be furnished by S. S. Lurvey's orchestra of Lynn, Mass. The following pleasing concert program will be rendered from eight until nine o'clock:

1. March, "Little Pierrots," Bosc
2. Overture, "Kampa," Herold
3. Medley, "Popular Songs," Shapero
4. Selection, "Marrying Mary," Hein
5. Finale, "Cleveland News," Zamecckik

THE WEATHER FOR TOMORROW

(Special to The Herald)

Washington, March 30—The weather will probably be fair on Sunday, with winds from the western quarters.

Soothes itching skin. Heals cuts or burns without a scar. Cures piles, eczema, salt rheum, any itching. Doan's Ointment. Your druggist sells it.

"Caveat Emptor" says the father of lies

That is, Let the buyer look out how he buys.

This isn't our motto. Our motto's to give

You goods at such profit that we both can live.

Now if you like our motto, then our question is,

"Is your house wired?" for

you've no conception how to live,

What new things you require.

The wondrous blessings we then give

Who use our prolific wire.

ROCKINGHAM COUNTY LIGHT &
POWER CO.

MANY YEARS AGO

Memories Of Portsmouth
In Other Days

TALES OF THE ANTE-
BELLUM PERIOD

The Famous "Wide-Awakes" Of
The Campaign Of 1860

FIRST APPEARANCE BEFORE THE PUBLIC
OF ROBERT LINCOLN

DR. FRANK FULLER'S REMINISCENCES

CHAPTER III.

I think I must delay my departure for the far West for the present while I speak further upon matters nearer home. I will, however, state that in our midnight interview Mr. Lincoln mentioned an important reason for my speedy departure, in addition to the disappearance of Gov. Cumming and the defection of Secretary Wootan. In stating the cause with which the journey could then be accomplished, he remarked that a daily stage route had just been established from St. Joseph, Mo., to Sacramento, by two companies, the Overland Stage Company of Ben Holliday, whose mail and passenger route terminated at Salt Lake City, and the Overland Mail Company, which carried passengers and mails from Salt Lake City to Sacramento. The Pacific Coast mail service had been carried on over the Southern route which, being in the enemy's country, was no longer safe, a hasty change had recently been made and this new line established some 600 miles further north. He alluded to the serious complication which would occur if the transit of the Overland mails was to be impeded or imperilled, as privateers were threatened on both oceans.

It will be remembered that I had recruited a company in Portsmouth, whose function it was to make night more or less hideous during the Presidential campaign by marching to the music of a life and drum band, with lighted torches, wherever they were commanded. I do not think I ever knew the original and first inventor of the Wide Awakes. I do not even know that they were a New England production. I first saw a company of them marching through the streets of Boston and I at once determined that Portsmouth should not be deprived of such a lively organization. I gave a good deal of thought to the matter of evolutions which should show the torches not in straight solid ranks, but with constant changes calculated to impart interest and admiration in the minds of the observers. I made my company consist of 101 men. The one man was the tallest and most ponderous of the company and he was placed in the center. The company was arranged to show tall men on the left and right, diminishing from both directions symmetrically toward the big center man. The evolutions, movements, to the right and left, were frequent while maintaining the forward step. I had one maneuver in which my central giant was made conspicuous. At a given moment a prearranged command was given which took him at double-quick to a central point thirty yards in advance followed by the entire command which maintained its position in two columns in the form of a bottle or funnel. Not to exceed two minutes was occupied in this maneuver and the column of company was as speedily restored by a simple command. These evolutions and others not shown in Scott's Tactics nor anywhere else, gave life and vivacity to the twinkling lamps, especially when viewed from the elevated windows of houses as in all resident streets was certain to be the case, and this gave a prestige to the Portsmouth Wide Awakes not enjoyed by other companies. Boston went wild over our evolutions in the wide spaces of the

Back Bay district, and huzzas greeted us everywhere.

We had more invitations than we could possibly accept, wherever in New England railroads ran; we walked, regardless of weather or distance, sometimes taking in two or three neighboring villages in one evening and always were sure of abundance of spectators. Such was our enthusiasm that we cared little or nothing for the hour of our return. We were Wide Awakes; we felt it and we acted it. We were Lincoln men and that settled it.

With the election and the celebrations lasting for several days following it, the torches were permanently extinguished and the company was disbanded. I well remember the first real public march of our band, from the parade opposite the North Church to the Plains. It was on fourth of July night, 1860; that day had seen the first appearance in public of the eldest son of Abraham Lincoln. Robert T. Lincoln was at that time attending for Harvard in Phillips Exeter Academy. I had been invited to deliver an oration at a strawberry festival in Stratham. I accepted the invitation with the proviso that I should select some one to precede my speech by reading the Declaration of Independence. I ventured to make that a condition and was told by the chairman that they had thought of inviting one of the instructors of Phillips, whereupon I told him my plan was to invite one of the students. The news of Mr. Lincoln's nomination had just reached us and when I mentioned the name of his son the committee instantly capitulated. I hastened to appear to Robert and he replied that if his father was willing he would cheerfully accept the invitation. I telegraphed my request to Mr. Lincoln at Springfield, Ill., and the answer was something like this:

"Tell Bob to read the immortal Declaration every chance he gets and the bigger the crowd the louder he must holler."

Of course the committee wanted to make the strawberry festival a success by way of numbers, because the larger the company the greater the receipts for strawberries, cake, ice cream and such, therefore, a huge poster was inevitable. I stipulated that it should be printed at the Chronicle office and should be sent to me for proof reading. I foresaw the big, staring letters in which my short name would appear and the attenuated ones in which the much longer name of Robert T. Lincoln would be set. Naturally, the Declaration was the first thing to be read, therefore the name of the reader of the Declaration must precede that of the speaker. I insisted that the type should be the same in both lines.

There was a crowd; music by the large band, singing by a choir of several hundred and a general good time. Robert acquitted himself bravely, as he always has. He was level-headed as a young man and he has won the reputation of being one of the best equipped lawyers in the whole broad West; Mr. George M. Pullman told me in the eighties that he so considered him and he proved his confidence by making him the head of the Pullman Company.

When next I saw his father he questioned me as to how "Rob" acquitted himself and I was happy to assure him that he repeated the Declaration in a dignified, scholarly manner and with ample, well-modulated voice.

I feel that I should not be doing justice to one of my most devoted companions and helpers for three or four years prior to the breaking out of the Civil War, if I neglected to speak of Dolly. Now Dolly came to me with this name and I do not know why I did not give her a nobler one. It was a pet name given her when a baby by a Newington young man who raised her. You will remember that Dr. Treadwell prescribed horseback riding among the remedies which were to carry me along for something more than the prescribed six months of life. I told Frank Miller of this and he put a line in The Chronicle stating that I wanted a young animal that could be easily converted into a good saddle horse. A day or two later I was surprised to find at my office door a symmetrical jet-black animal without a trace of white except a few visible hairs immediately in the center of an expansive forehead. A young man was the owner of the animal and called her Dolly and Dolly she remained an-

(Continued on second page)

Geo. B. French Co

CORSET DEPARTMENT.

A BIG BARGAIN FOR EASTER.

Lestelle Corset, French Coutil, in high, medium and low bust, 2 sets of hose supporters, all good styles and perfect fitting, sizes 19 to 26, regular, price 2.50 pair, sale price.....98c

La Resista, Coutil and Batiste, the latest and most up-to-date fitting corset, high bust, bone with spiral springs which are more endurable than whalebone, especially good for stout figures, per pair.....2.50 and 3.00

La Grecque Corsets, tape strapped, good for slight figures, made in short, medium and high bust, per pair.....1.50

Nemo Corsets in six different styles—One of the most popular is the Relief strap in high or low bust.....3.00

NEMO CORSETS ARE ALL PERFECT FITTING.

Redfern Corsets, whalebone.....4.50

Warner's Corsets.....1.00, 1.50, 2.00, 2.25 and 2.50

THE LADIES HOME JOURNAL PATTERNS

KID GLOVES FOR EASTER.

THE LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTMENT IN THE CITY.

12 Button Length Chamois, natural color, per pair.....2.25

1 Clasp Chamois, natural, per pair only.....1.00

16 Button Length Glace, Black, White, Tan and Gray, per pair.....3.50

12 Button Length in Black, White and Gray, per pair.....3.50

8 Button Length Glace, in Black and White, per pair.....2.00

12 Button Length "Baemo" Cape, per pair.....3.50

2 Clasp Glace Kid, Mode and Gray, per pair.....1.50

2 Clasp Glace Kid, Black, Tan, Slate and Mode, per pair.....1.25

3 Clasp Glace Kid, Mode, Gray and Black, per pair.....1.75

2 Clasp Kid, "One Dollar Glove," Black, White, Mode and Gray, per pair.....1.00

1 Clasp Heavy Cape, in Tan, a fine wearing "Baemo" Brand Glove, per pair.....1.00

1 Clasp Heavy Cape, in Gray, finer quality, per pair only.....1.50

The Celebrated Dont Glove, 2 clasp, Tan, per pair.....2.00

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD

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For Portsmouth and Portsmouth's Interests.

You want local news? Read The Herald. More local news than all other local dailies combined. Try it.

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1907

THE SOUTH POND

It may be remarked in passing that the South Pond and its shores are no more creditable to Portsmouth now than they have been for some years. There has been a great deal of talk of improving conditions and the reclamation of the pond has been more or less discussed for a long time. The sad fact remains, however, that the "damp" is no more a beauty spot today than it was when the first criticism of it was uttered.

All this is no criticism of the City Improvement Association. That organization has done much good by agitation, for it has, at least, refused to permit the people of the city to remain even in professed ignorance of the unsightliness of the shores of what should be a beautiful body of water. The association has done much to beautify the city and to its credit must be placed practically all that has been done to check the depredations of the brown-tail moth. It has not the money to undertake the reclamation of the South Pond and cannot be expected to embark upon so costly an enterprise unaided. We have no doubt that it would undertake the work if there were any prospect of success, but it certainly cannot attempt to create the attractive park on the shores of the pond of which we have been dreaming for several years without some assurance that the necessary money will be forthcoming.

Some time ago The Herald suggested that the Improvement Association or some other organization might announce that it was ready to receive contributions for the purpose of reclaiming the South Pond, guaranteeing to superintend the work as soon as a sufficient amount of money had been pledged. We still believe that such a course offers the only possible chance for the consummation we have so devoutly wished. The plan outlined might or might not be successful, but it is at least worth trying. If it was found impossible to secure the amount of money needed, those who did pledge sums would not be required to make good. If the contributions were sufficient for the purpose, then those who added the enterprise would have the satisfaction of knowing that they had been instrumental in bringing about a needed reform.

The Herald's plan, it seems to us, is the only practicable one and no harm would result from giving it a trial.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEWS

It looks very much as if some of the speculative stocks needed the services of a plumber.

The fear is expressed that the pure food law will have a serious effect upon the Vermont maple sugar crop.

If the Thaw case isn't disposed of very soon it will be necessary to appoint a lunacy commission for every newspaper reader.

The Concord Monitor thinks that New Hampshire gets too much pol-

tics. We thought that American life was all politics, any way.

The discovery has been made in England that married men are braver than bachelors. The fact that they are married proves it.

Collier's Weekly is of the opinion that Dowle was as great a man as Mohammed. However this may be, Mohammed was able to hold his job.

President Roosevelt certainly does have the faculty of making enemies of just the sort of men who should be enemies of a president of the whole people.

How many of those articles offered for sale in the stores, marked "made in Germany," ever saw any place more German than Milwaukee or Oshkosh?

One of the worst features of the newspaper profession is the line-up of outlandish names which editors and reporters are called upon to spell off-hand.

Readers of the Old Farmer's Ad-

THE THEATRICAL FOLKS

Fay Templeton Tonight

Fay Templeton will be at Music Hall this evening in Klaw and Branger's production of George M. Cohan's new music play, "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway." Theatre-goers remember the "Unknown" in "Little Johnny Jones," that unique character who never speaks but to convulse the audience. In "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," Mr. Cohan has another such type in the role of "Kid Burns."

Miss Templeton plays the part of "Plain Mary," a servant girl in the Castleton household in New Rochelle. This suburb is just forty-five minutes from Broadway by rail, and this circumstance gives the piece its title. Revolving about Mary, in the development of the story, are a young millionaire, a soubrette, a mercenary mother, a villainous stock-broker, many minor characters, and "Kid Burns," a young Broadway boy of strong arm and noble heart, who expresses a great deal of practical philosophy in most entertaining slang. This role, the opposite to that played by Miss Templeton, is acted by Vic-

Wason, administratrix; Clarence L. Towle, Perry, Annie M. Towle, administratrix; Ruth A. Conley, Atkinson, Frances W. Conley, administratrix.

Accounts Settled—In estates of James Taylor, Kensington; Charles A. Shepard, Raymond; Juliette W. Pollard, Exeter; Alfred S. Wentworth, Portsmouth; Patrick Hayes, Windham; Harriet N. Shackford, Kingston; Olive A. Symmes, East Kingston; Herbert R. Sheldon, Portsmouth; Charles W. Neal, New Castle; George E. Lowry, Kingston; Elizabeth Chase, Stratham, ward; Emma C. Webber, Salem; Emma J. Langford, Candia; Charles C. Barton, North Hampton; Charles H. Jenkins, East Kingston, ward; Henry S. Wheeler, Derry, ward; Sarah E. Noyes, Deerfield.

Accounts Filed—In estates of Zezia Marston, George W. Weeks, Chester; Lydia A. Hall, Ira Bennett, Nottingham; Francis A. Jones, Susan C. Dupra, Exeter; Frances Brown, Kensington; Thomas E. Goodwin, Newton; Sarah F. Page, Epping; Josiah B. Eastman, Hampstead, ward.

Inventories Approved—In estates

santly, estate of Lovell B. Smith, Brentwood.

Rescript Filed—In estate of George E. Kent, of Exeter, vs. Nathan P. Hunt, of Manchester, guardian of Samuel K. and John K. Bel, of Exeter, an appeal from a decree of the judge of probate, disallowing in part a petition of appellant for leave to transfer certain securities from the estate of George E. Kent, who held them as guardian, to Judge Hunt, his successor as guardian, and for leave to Judge Hunt to receive them as guardian. The rescript orders that the decision of the judge of probate be reversed in accordance with the decision of the supreme court at the last December term.

REAL ESTATE CONVEYANCES

Following are the conveyances of real estate of local interest in the county of Rockingham for the week ending March 27, as recorded in the registry of deeds:

East Kingston—Mary E. Cass to Franklin Cass, land and buildings, \$1; Alonzo T. Bickford to last grantee, land, \$1.

Dipping—James A. Farnum to Goide C. Sawyer, Lawrence, Mass., rights in certain premises, \$1.

Exeter—Administratrix of estate of Samuel E. Brown to Stewart E. Rowe, Kensington, land on Spruce street, \$87; last grantee to last grantor, same land, \$1; Wallace D. C. Dodge, Philadelphia, to Miriam G. Andrews, Lawrence, Mass., land and buildings on Winter street, \$1.

Hampton—Martha Mason et als. to Joseph W. Mason, land, \$75, deeded in 1862.

New Castle—William I. Haywood to Frances A. Harding, land, \$1.

Northwood—Administratrix of estate of Samuel E. Brown, Exeter, to Abby A. Brown, rights in certain land, \$31.

Portsmouth—Cornelius Conkley to Michael Conkley, lots 12-5 in Prospect park annex, \$1; Joseph O. Ham to George L. Clough, land on Middle road, \$1; last grantor to Fred L. Ham, land on Middle road, \$1.

Rye—Mary J. Varrell to Orville F. Varrell, Portsmouth, beach land, \$1.

South Hampton—John Currier to Michael Summers, land, \$40, deeded in 1887; Bridget Summers, East Kingston, to John E. Summers, Haverhill, Mass., rights in certain land, \$1.

Suggen Brothers will start work on Wood Island Life Saving Station as soon as the weather permits.

OLIVER W. HAM,
(Successor to Samuel S. Fletcher)
60 Market St.,
Furniture Dealer and Undertaker

NIGHT CALLS at 62 and 64 Market Street, or at Residence, Corner New Vaughan Street and Raynes Avenue.
TELEPHONE 50-3.

DECORATIONS
For Weddings and Flowers
Furnished For All Occasions
Funeral Designs a Specialty.

CAPSTICK,
ROGERS ST.

BOOKBINDING
Of Every Description.
Blank Books Made to Order

J. D. RANDALL,
over Fay's Store, Portsmouth N.

GEORGE A. TRAFTON,
BLACKSMITH

EXPERT HORSE SHOER.
Stone Tool Work a Specialty.
113 MARKET STREET

WANT ADS.

SUCH AS FOR SALE,
WANTED, TO LET, LOST
FOUND, ETC.

One Cent a Word.
For Each Insertion.

**3 LINES ONE WEEK
40 CENTS.**

WANTED—Salesman of ability and neat appearance to call on all merchants in their territory; elegant side line convenient to carry; good Belmont Mfg. Co., Cincinnati, O. ch,mar30,11

WANTED—A farm of from thirty to sixty-five acres, in Newington or Greenand, with plenty of pasture, house in good condition; will rent now and buy later. Apply, 6 Raitt's court. m21clw

A GREAT business. Cast Building Blocks "Sloppy wet" on dry process machines, and remove at once. S. W. Hendrickson, Patente, White Plains, N. Y. ch,mar25,1w

TO LET—In South Ellet, house of five rooms, situated on bank of river; bathhouse, good well of water and cistern; five cent fare from Portsmouth. Apply to Geo. O. Athorne, South Ellet, Me. M22hclw

LOST—On Congress street, between Bass's drug store and the corner of Vaughan street, Saturday night, a sum of money. Finder will be rewarded if same is left at this office. M25hclw

FOR SALE—At a bargain, 3 Beach lots. Parties leaving town offer them at a sacrifice. C. E. Trafton, Real Estate Agent. mar11

FOR SALE—A dozen second hand doors. Inquire at this office. cha15t

FOR SALE—Beach lot at Wallis Sands, fronting on beach. Address B. F. D., this office. cha18t

FOR SALE—Quantity of iron grating such as is used in banks. Inquire at this office. cha15t

WHIST SCORE CARDS—For sale at this office

LOST—A long, narrow pocketbook, containing a sum of money. Finder please return to 14 State street and receive reward. M23h1w

PLACARDS—For Sale, To Let, Furnished Rooms, etc., can be had at the Chronicle office.

FOR SALE—Large bank desk, formerly used at Portsmouth Savings Bank. Inquire at this office. cha15t

WANTED—A lady bookkeeper. Experienced and good at figures. Enquire at this office. M30hclw

PRINTING—Get estimates from the Chronicle or all kinds of work.

New York City
HOTEL ST. DENIS
BROADWAY AND 11TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY.
Within Easy Access of Every Point of Interest. Half Block from Wagonmakers. 5 minutes' walk of Shopping District.
NOTED FOR: Excellence of Cuisine, Comfortable Accommodations, Courteous Service and Homelike Surroundings.
ROOMS \$1.50 PER DAY AND UP
EUROPEAN PLAN.
Table d'Hôte Breakfast 50c.
WM. TAYLOR & SON, Inc.
ALSO
HOTEL MARTINIQUE,
Broadway & 33rd Street.

REVERE HOUSE
BOWDOIN SQUARE,
BOSTON.

Under new management.
Single rooms with use of bath, \$1.00
Rooms with bath, \$1.50.
Suites of large parlor, chamber and private bath, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00.
Headquarters for Frank Jones' Alea and broil live lobster.

R. S. Harrison, Proprietor.


MEN AND WOMEN.
Use Big 4 for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painful, and not subject to return. Sold by Drug "A" or sent in plain box by mail for \$2.00. 100 or 500 boxes \$10.00. Get your box today.

PROFESSIONAL CARD

F. S. TOWLE, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon
84 STATE ST., PORTSMOUTH, N.
Office Hours—Until 9 a. m.; 2 to 4 and 7 to 9 p. m.

J. W. BARRETT,
Plumbing and Heating.
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NO. 17 BOW ST.

George A. Jackson
CARPENTER
—AND—
BUILDER,
No. 6 Dearborn Street
Jobbing of all kinds promptly loaded to.

Boston Tavern.
Handy to Theatres and in the Heart of the Business District.
Ordway Pl. & 347 Washington S.

—STRICTLY FIREPROOF,
European Plan.
PRIVATE DINING ROOMS
THEATRE AND DINNER PARTIES
A SPECIALTY.

Granite State Fire Insurance Co
Of Portsmouth, N. H.
Paid-Up Capital,
\$200,000
OFFICERS
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J. ALBERT WALKER,
Vice President.
ALFRED F. HOWARD,
Secretary.
JOHN W. EMERY, Asst. Secretary.

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Fay Templeton in "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway."

manac submit the proposition that its weather predictions are, at least, as reliable as those of the government bureau.

OUR EXCHANGES

A Remnant-Counter Bargain
Old Skinfint, although he had plenty, was, on driving good trades so, intent, he

Wed a saleslady who was, in fact, thirty-two. Just because she was marked down to twenty!

—Nixon Waterman in Broadway Magazine, April number.

Only A Short Time Now

All hands around in Concord, until the Great and General Court is adjourned for keeps.—Farmington News.

But Ohio Isn't Interested

If Ohio must have a native son for the presidency it is not limited in the choice to Taft and Foraker. Vice-President Fairbanks was born and educated in the Buckeye state.—Concord Monitor.

The estimated population for continental United States for 1906 is 83,941,510, and for the United States inclusive of Alaska and the insular possessions, 93,182,240. Computed on the basis of the estimate, the density of population in continental United States in 1906 was 28 persons per square mile, as compared with 26 in 1905.

TO ENTERTAIN EAST LYNN LODGE

Osgood Lodge is planning to entertain the members of East Lynn Lodge, and to raise the funds for that purpose is to give an entertainment and dance in Freeman's Hall on Wednesday evening, April 17, and has appointed the following as a committee to make all arrangements for the same: John H. Yeaton, Chairman, Howard Anderson, Secretary; James H. Smith, Treasurer; Charles H. Kehoe, Israel M. Schurman and Fred E. Webber. The tickets are now in the hands of the committee and several members of the lodge and are meeting with a ready sale at twenty-five cents each. The entertainment alone will be worth the price of admission.

Cheapest accident insurance—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Stops the pain and heals the wound. All drug-gists sell it.

for Moore, who has made a great individual success in it.
Miss Templeton has two musical numbers introduced in this piece, "Mary is a Grand Old Name," and "So-Long, Mary." Mr. Moore has a bright lyric set to music in which he describes the difference between the people of New Rochelle and those who bask in the white lights of Broadway.

PROBATE COURT

The following business was transacted at Tuesday's session of probate court held in Exeter:

Wills Proved—Of Susan W. Laighton, Portsmouth, G. Ralph Laighton, executor; Betsey A. Clisby, Exeter, Henry A. Shute, executor; Thomas P. Salter, Portsmouth, C. F. Shillaber, Harry E. Boynton, executors; Ellen Caswell, Newmarket, Ann Leonard, Canton, Mass., executrix, with George F. Hogan, Newmarket, as her agent; Timothy O'Leary, Exeter, Timothy O'Leary, executor; Lydia M. Frost, Exeter, George F. Adams, executor; Charles E. Knight, Salem, Daultha E. Knight, administratrix with will annexed; George E. Anderson, Londonderry, Emma J. Anderson, Haverhill, Mass., executrix; Ruth H. Goughs, Newington, Edith C. Hoyt, administratrix with will annexed; George Dearborn, North Hampton, Sarah A. Dearborn, executrix.

Wills Filed—Of Hattie A. Seaton, Maria E. Young, Newmarket; Jeremiah M. Avery, Londonderry; Eliza A. Pluman, Exeter; Sarah E. Snell, Stratham; Jonathan A. Lane, Raymond; John Duffie, Plaistow; Elizabeth Vessey, Deerfield.

Appeal Filed—From probate of will of Alvin D. Puffer, Exeter.

Dedimus Issued—In estate of Elizabeth Chase, Stratham.

Administration Granted—In estates of John Haven, Moses Woodman, Portsmouth, Charles H. Batchelder, administratrix de bonis non with will annexed; Mary E. Coleman, Greenland, George A. Coleman, administrator; Caroline L. Wallace, Candia, Edith C. Tufts, administratrix; Anne M. Davis, Newmarket, Stephen H. Davis, administrator; Hannah L. Barker, Stratham, Ellen M. Pickering, administratrix; Fred H. Howe, Exeter, Alice M. Howe, administratrix; Annie B. Siloway, Sandown, Forrest C. Sanborn, administrator; Annie M. Farmer, Portsmouth, Annie M. Farmer, administratrix; Abbie S. McKenzie, Northwood, Walter F. McKenzie, administrator; Thomas Little, Atkinson, Alice M.

of Zezia Marsters, Chester; Ira Bennett, Nottingham; Elizabeth S. Clough, East Kingston; Hyla D. Peacock, Kensington; Robert H. Clark, Carrie L. Murdock, Derry; Emma M. Buck, Salem; Frank J. Dutton, Deerfield; George O. Drake, Derry; Herbert K. and Helen F. Sheldon, Portsmouth.

Receipts Filed—In estates of Lydia A. Hall, Nottingham; Thomas E. Goodwin, Newton; Emma J. Langford, Candia; Patrick Hayes, Windham; Olive A. Symmes, East Kingston; Harriet N. Shackford, Kingston.

License Granted—For sale of real property, estate of Richard D. Bell, Somerville, Mass., ward.

Returned—License for sale of real property, estate of John Howard, Exeter.

Resignations—Of administrators, estates of John Haven and Moses Woodman, Portsmouth, bonds accepted in spoliation claims.

Distribution Decreed—In estate of Charles A. Shepard, Derry.

Reports Filed—By commissioners, estates of Cyrus M. Drake, Hampton; Gilman A. Brown, Sandown; Caroline Haskell, Mary A. B. Johnson, Derry.

Commissioner Appointed—John Scammon, Exeter, estate of George N. Prescott, Deerfield.

Filed—Petitions for license to sell real property, estates of George Lary, Londonderry; John A. Hall, S. Walter Stevens, Atkinson; John M. Dutton et als. Salem, waiting additional bond; Elizabeth S. Clough, East Kingston; Harriet S. Kelley, Sandown; for administration, estate of John C. Foote, Seabrook; for guardianship over David and Daniel Philbrick, Rye.

Appraisers Appointed—In estates of Sarah W. Moses, Newmarket; Emma M. Boyd, Seabrook; Sybrena M. Metcalf, Melinda White, Derry; Emma F. Hilton, Rye; Joseph Dietrich, Salem.

Guardians Appointed—William H. Marvin, Portsmouth, over Elizabeth J. Peeverly, Newington; John E. Young, Exeter, over Priscilla P. Luck, North Hampton; William H. C. Follansby, Exeter, over Daisy Luck, North Hampton; Albert F. Avery, Derry, over Guy E. Avery; Elsie M. Dearborn over George W. Dearborn.

Name Changed—Of Annie Frances Libby, Nottingham, to Annie Frances Osgood.

Adoption—Ruth Crane by Beverly S. and Hattie S. McLaughy, Exeter, name changed to Evelyn McLaughy. Granted—Petition for decree of in-

COMFORTING WORDS

Many a Portsmouth Household Will Find Them So

To have the pains and aches of a bad back removed; to be entirely free from annoying, dangerous urinary disorders is enough to make any kidney sufferer grateful. To tell how this great change can be brought about will prove comforting words to hundreds of Portsmouth readers.

Terrence McGrath, blacksmith, of 5 Hanover St., Portsmouth, N. H., says: "I was continually trying medicine for my kidneys but without obtaining any permanent relief. Sometimes I had severe pains across my loins, accompanied by a feeling of dizziness and headaches. I knew my kidneys were the cause of the whole trouble for the secretions plainly showed a large amount of sediment in them. I went to Phillips's Pharmacy and got Doan's Kidney Pills. The first box brought great relief and after I had taken a second box the backache disappeared and the trouble with the kidney secretions was corrected. Anyone having kidney disease in any of its various forms can make no mistake by using Doan's Kidney Pills."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-McMillan Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

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Hotel fronting on three streets

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Moderate Rates

MUSIC

W. Johnson Quinn, Proprietor

Send for guide of New York-Free

Jones' Joust With the Duke

By CLYDE NORMAN

(Copyright, 1937, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

"NOW be good and sensible, George, and don't say mean things. You know there never was any engagement between us and you have no claim on me. Mother's heart is set on my marriage to the duke and he is a very fine gentleman. And, George, you know I never could endure a prosy, commonplace life. I can't help it if I am romantic and the castles and coats-of-arms and family portraits and ancestral traditions and liveried servants and all that sort of thing."

The girl began the speech with a sort of gentle defiance, but ended in a lamely apologetic tone.

The face of the young man, which was flushed from his passionate remonstrance, grew pale while she spoke and the fire died from his eyes, which looked steadily into hers.

"But you do not love him and you do love me," he said.

"You presume too much," she replied, flushing now in her turn. "Sir Charles is a nobleman both by name and nature, and I admire and respect him. Of course, I have been fond of you, George, but you have no right to assume that I love you."

A slight smile trembled on the lips of the young man.

"There are some occasions and some words you seem to have forgotten," he said. "For instance, one moonlight evening at Lake Geneva—"

"Now, George, don't be mean," she interrupted, sharply. "Of course, I have been fond of you and I am fond of you, but a girl don't have to marry the first young man who makes love to her—even if she has liked him and let him say foolish things to her. Now do be sensible and don't spoil our good friendship. If it were only the good old days of civility when men fought for their lady loves, you could go in and settle it between you, but I am so dreadfully weak and mamma is so strong, and her head is set on this match that I simply cannot oppose her."

A strange light leaped into the young man's eyes.

"If it were in the good old days and I rode up in armor on a white charger, fought your duke to defeat and picked you up under your mother's nose and despite your father's protests and rode away, would you be happy with me?"

"Oh, that would be beautiful," she exclaimed, clapping her hands. "But what's the use of talking about it. We live in prosaic times and men are as weak and spiritless as women. I must be dreadful for a man like Sir Charles, with all the heroic blood of his race, to moon about in a dress suit like ordinary men." She ended with a sigh.

"The days of chivalry are always here," he replied slowly, "and men always have fought for women and always will. The only difference is in the weapons. Good night."

He turned abruptly to leave her.

"Now, don't be ugly and horrid about it, will you?" she said. "Sir Charles is to be here next week to spend a fortnight. Mamma is preparing to announce the engagement. Don't make it harder for me."

"Depend upon me," he replied, smiling broadly.

In due time appeared Charles Arthur Fitzmorris, twenty-first duke of Battleborough, viscount of Chelmsford, baron of something or other and a baronet. The papers never did get his title in twelve alikes. With him was a great array of boxes and bags and trunks, servants and paraphernalia, the details of which only traveling people know. George Jones was duly introduced to his rival and greatly amazed Beatrice Derwent by the condescending friendliness of his manner. As seemed almost to pity the foreigner and acted more like the successful actor than the rejected. It was at a reception at the Derwents and as he made his adieux he whispered to Beatrice:

"I have arranged that joust with the duke."

And she looked at him aghast and replied earnestly:

"George! Don't you dare make a scandal!"

A few days later shortly after six o'clock in the evening she was summoned in haste to the reception hall and found George Jones.

"There's somebody at the Milwaukee depot who wants to see you on a very important matter," he exclaimed, breathlessly. "The train goes at seven o'clock and she did not have time to come here to see you, and asked me to come and get you. There's a carriage waiting at the door. Just throw on your cloak and come on. There's just time."

"Goodness gracious! what is it all about?" she gasped. "Who is it?"

"I don't know what it is about," he replied mysteriously, "but I suspect and I know you will be sorry if you don't go. As to who it is, I promised not to tell you. But it is a good friend of yours. And on there's barely time. She wants ten or fifteen minutes to talk to you."

"But it is so funny," said the girl.

"Well, suit yourself," replied Jones, listening with only. "It's nothing to me. I'm sure I've done my duty," and he buttoned his coat.

"Curiosity alone in the girl's eyes. 'Will it take long?' she asked, irresolutely. 'We haven't dined yet.'"

"The carriage can be back here before 7:30," he replied.

"Well, it's a bit anyway," she said, and older to a clock and hat followed Jones to the carriage.

As they entered, her brother, who stood on the steps, shouted: "Hello, Betty, where going?" "To the depot," replied Beatrice. "Back in an hour." "What did she say?" Beatrice heard Leo inquire.

"I'll be back in an hour," the driver replied.

They arrived at the depot at ten minutes before seven, the carriage having been delayed at several corners. Jones was worrying and pulling his watch repeatedly. They hurried to the awaiting train and as they entered the Pullman, Jones shouted to the porter:

"What time to you start?"

Beatrice did not catch the answer, but Jones repeated it.

"Seven fifteen, Oh, we are all right. I thought it was seven."

He conducted her to a vacant seat, looked puzzled and said: "Here is her luggage, but where is she? Sit still a minute. I will find her?"

He was gone nearly ten minutes and returning said:

"She's in the other car. We'll have to wait a minute until she gets through talking with somebody. Says it will be in two minutes and she can tell her story to you in five. So we'll have plenty of time."

Then Jones asked her something about golf and they plunged into a discussion of a recent game. Presently she looked up startled:

"Why the train is moving," she said.

"So it is," replied Jones, cheerfully, looking at his watch. "It's only seven, guess they're going to switch us onto another track. Fifteen minutes before train time. She'll be here in a minute." Then he plunged again into golf talk. Presently Beatrice stopped and exclaimed:

"Why, George, they ain't switching at all; the train's going faster every minute."

"I'll see about it," replied George, promptly rising and walking to the door. He was gone nearly ten minutes, during which she watched in dismay the lights of the city whiz past.

Presently Jones returned, calm, smiling, unperturbed.

"Well," she demanded, "what's the matter?"

"Nothing," he replied, seating himself. "There was a mistake about the train time. I was right at first. It was seven, not 7:15."

"What are we going to do?" she gasped in dismay. "Where are we? Where is the woman who sent for me?"

"Now, Beatrice, be perfectly calm, and I'll tell you about it," he replied deliberately. "You see, there ain't no woman. In fact, I didn't tell you there was—although I confess I intimidated it. It's a man."

"What!" she exclaimed. "Who is it; where is he?"

"It's me, Beatrice, so do not be alarmed," he replied, smiling. "He waved aside her attempted interruption."

"You see it's this way. I am now in the character of a chivalric knight, carrying away my ladylove by sheer force and daring. I have just beaten my hated rival, the duke, to a standstill in the joust for the lady's hand. The weapons were not lances, but wits—and I've won the lady. My steed isn't a milk-white charger, but it isn't very slow."

"What do you mean?" she gasped. "Are you crazy?"

"No, my dear Beatrice," he replied. "Never more sane in my life. I have deliberately captured you and am bearing you across the country as fast as steam can push drive wheels. It's the fast mail and don't stop until we reach Savannah. There a preacher will meet the train and perform the ceremony. I've engaged a stateroom for the purpose. Then we will go on to Omaha, where we will arrive in the morning. We will then go where you will spend the honeymoon—Denver, San Francisco, anywhere."

"We'll do no such thing," she exclaimed, as soon as she could catch her breath. "I'll tell the conductor and have the train stopped and go back if I have to walk."

"I'm afraid you can't," he replied, shaking his head. "It is a fast mail, running on a contract with the government. They won't stop before Savannah—and we are way out of the city, see." He pointed out of the window where the twinkling lights had given way to better blackness. "Perhaps you had better ask the conductor. Here he is."

She did, but he shook his head.

Then she straightened up in dignity. "I'll get off at Savannah, telegraph my father, and go home," she murmured.

"As you please," replied Jones. "Only I certainly will look odd. There's no train back before morning and you won't get there before noon. Besides the people at home may be suspicious. You see I sent word back by the driver that we had gone to Omaha to get married. Your brother and one or two of the servants saw us drive off together. I'm afraid the duke has been told before now."

She burst into tears. Jones rose hastily. "You'll find some conveniences in that grip. I had my sister pack it for herself, told her I was going to take her to Milwaukee to visit you, then stole it. I'll see you at Savannah."

He left her and she had her cry out. She had four hours to do some hard thinking before they reached Savannah.

Well, the upshot of it all was that she could see no clear way out of it, except to follow his program.

The honeymoon, after the first few days, was as happy as could be desired. Charles Arthur Fitzmorris, twenty-first duke of Battleborough, etc., etc., etc., blessed his lucky stars that it happened in time and a few months later married the daughter of a St. Louis banker.

A Lost Revenge

By JAMES BUCKHAM

(Copyright, 1937, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

A GREAT, lone rock rises like a miniature Gothic castle in the center of a Nova Scotian "barren." All about it sweeps the wide waste of marsh, carpeted with gray moss and bristling with stunted, wiry hard-hack. Off to the eastward, barely visible through encircling brush and reeds, gleams a shallow lake, like a silver platter lost in the grass. Desolation everywhere—desolation, solitude and silence.

A gray October sky was lowering over the barren when my guide and I entered it, coming suddenly out of the dark thick woods. The sun was just going down in a bank of copper-colored mist on the distant horizon's edge. The solitary rock looming before us was the only object that broke the wide, monotonous expanse of the plain. "That," said my guide, "is Peter Pardeau's calling-rock. Many was the moose Peter called up and shot from there. And once, they say, he shot a white moose. I'll tell you the story in camp to-night."

We trailed across the barren in a thread of a path through brush and moss—a path that none but a guide's eye could follow in the gathering twilight—and, skirting the Northern end of the little lake, struck timber again, climbed a knoll, and came to a trim, peeled-log camp, with the quaint sign over its door—"What Cheer?" Good cheer it meant for us, that night, wet and weary and hungry as we were from a 12-mile walk through the pathless forest. The tight little stove glowed red-hot; the freshly cut balsam "browns" in the bunks gave forth its delicious aroma; the moose-steak from the pack simmered in the spider, and from the coffee-pot rose that fragrant steam which every camper associates with the feasts of the outdoor gods.

After supper came the pipes and the guide's story of Peter and the white moose, which, for the reader's sake, I must tell in fewer words than the guide used, as he leaned back against the logs, blowing long clouds of smoke across the stove.

Peter Pardeau, when he was a young man—so said the guide—loved a girl of his own Arcadian village, a wisp of white cottages nestling by the shore of St. Mary's Bay. Both young people were descendants of the old French settlers of the province, whose romantic story has been so beautifully told by Longfellow in "Evangeline." But Peter was not the only one of fair Theresa's lovers, for she was the most winsome girl in all the parish; and among the other suitors was a handsome, dashing, unscrupulous courier de bois, Gaspard Langlois by name, who vowed he would marry the maiden if he had to carry her away by force. This imposing fellow was Peter's only real rival, for, while she cared nothing for her other suitors, it was plain to be seen that Theresa admired Gaspard greatly, and was in danger of losing her heart to him in spite of the affection which had been growing up between herself and Peter since their childhood.

Peter's love affair was at this critical pass when he was suddenly called away to the states by the death of his father, who had gone to Boston with a cargo of fish, and caught a fever while lying in port there. During Peter's absence on the sad mission of bringing home his father's body for burial Gaspard succeeded in persuading Theresa to run away with him to Quebec, where they were secretly married. Gaspard, as it afterwards appeared, had poisoned Theresa's mind by certain evil stories about Peter, which, though false in every particular, had caused the foolish girl to believe her lover untrue to her. In a moment of bitter anger, jealousy and disappointment she had consented to requite Peter by eloping with his rival. All this Peter learned after it was too late to right the wrong done him. Gaspard and Theresa had disappeared; nor did they ever afterward return together to the village that had been Theresa's home. Of his sweetheart's fate Peter could learn nothing. She had utterly vanished out of his life. But her memory did not die, and as long as he lived the wronged lover vowed that he would revenge himself upon the hated Gaspard Langlois, if ever fate threw the chance in his way.

For many years, Peter Pardeau, exiled by a broken heart, lived the life of a forest hermit. His fame as a hunter spread far and wide. There was no one who could equal him in calling up the lordly bull moose in rutting time; none who could follow the trail of moose or bear or caribou so unerringly; none who could shoot a rifle or read the signs of the woods with such mastery skill.

It was not long before Peter Pardeau first began to use the great castle-like boulder in the barren beyond Lost lake for a "calling rock." The shores of the lake were a favorite feeding ground for moose, and their trails led here and there across the great barren; but only Peter could call the wary bulls within shooting distance of the forbidding rock in the marsh. There was none like it, none so seductive, even among their own kind!

One early October evening, gray, still, forbidding—Peter lay behind the cleft of the big rock, calling for moose. For a long time the weird sound floated away over the marsh and across the little lake without an answer. Then came a distant bellow, which gradually drew nearer and nearer, as Peter enticed the old bull with his devilishly pitched bark horn. At length the great creature emerged into the marsh, and, as it came on, Peter, peering bareheaded over his rampart of rock, saw with a thrill that set even his heart throbbing that it was a snow-white bull—the famous albino moose of the Barrie woods, the subject of many a startling

camp-fire tale. To shoot the almost fabled albino moose would crown Peter's fame as a hunter and give him a name that would long survive in the traditions of the province. And this was, probably, the only chance he would ever have to perform such a feat.

The man fairly trembled with excitement as he puffed his long, old-fashioned rifle through a cleft in the rock and made ready to fire the shot of his life. The white moose was coming straight toward the rock where the hunter lay concealed. Peter crouched behind the rampart and, sweeping his horn low and close to the surface of the rock, gave one more muffled and seemingly retreating call.

As he slowly lifted head and eyes into the cleft once more he was amazed to see just emerging into the barren beyond the big rock, the figure of a man. The newcomer was unarmed, save for an ax, and he carried a peddler's pack on his back. As he came in sight of the moose he stopped short and half turned, as if to flee. This brought his face directly toward Peter's hiding place—and instantly the hunter recognized him, in spite of the ravages of time, as the same Gaspard Langlois who had robbed him of his youthful sweetheart! Poor, degraded, and now no doubt alone in the world, fallen from his dashing splendor of voyager and man of the city, how hardly, after all, had fate dealt with Theresa's successful suitor! Yet he was the same Gaspard Langlois, the man who had spoiled two lives, and destiny had at last cast him into Peter's hand.

The white moose advanced a few steps further and stopped, confronting the man who had suddenly emerged from behind the rock. Both seemed spellbound. Both were now within range of the deadly rifle of Peter Pardeau—the famous old rifle that had slain so many moose and caribou and bear! The long barrel shook in the crevice with a faint rattling sound. Peter turned it first on the man, and then back again on the moose. A fierce red spot blazed on each of the man's cheeks. His hands trembled like two wind-shaken autumn leaves. Revenge hissed, "Shoot the man, let the moose go!" Fame, the long-cherished mistress of the lonely hunter, whispered, "Kill the moose first—then the man. A moose can run faster than a man!"

The trembling barrel of the old muzzle-loader swayed to and fro. The spots blazed redder and fiercer in the marble cheeks of the hunter. Suddenly the white moose turned broadside—and a sheet of flame shot forth from the calling-rock. The moose sprang forward, then stumbled, and fell in a quivering heap amidst the hard-hack.

At the sound of the rifle's crack Gaspard Langlois raised his eyes in terror to the great rock. Peter had leaped to his feet and with frantic haste was pouring a fresh charge of powder into the long barrel of his rifle. By a subtle divination Gaspard recognized the man he wronged, and knew the meaning of Peter's deadly haste. That handful of sliding, tinkling powder was for him!

Gaspard Langlois dropped the pack from his back and fled toward the lake and the forest beyond. Like a snipe, flushed from a tussock or clump of reeds, he twisted and zigzagged in his flight, that the bullet might perchance speed by him to left or right, and bury itself in the oozy marsh. Peter worked himself up to the highest pinnacle of the rock, all the while driving home the patched bullet in the long rifle barrel. He tolled with fierce haste, but with deadly sureness. Not a motion was wasted.

All ready now, save the little copper cap to slip over the nipple! Peter fetched it out of his buckskin pocket with a swift motion of thumb and finger; but just as he was fitting it to the nipple he raised his eyes for the fraction of a second to mark his victim's whereabouts. Gaspard was just dodging into the shadow of the woods! The cap slipped and went tinkling down the slope of rock. Peter sprang after it, dropped down upon his knees, caught the rolling bit of metal and crushed it down over the nipple of his gun. When he rose, with the rifle pressed hard against his shoulder, the vast barren lay desolate and deserted. Not a living figure was anywhere in sight. Peter had won the fame he craved—but one little slip of the hand had lost him revenge.

Mirror-Writing.

In a recent case of mirror-writing a boy of seven or eight wrote unusually well, but in this singular reversed style, and some months later, after acquiring the normal method of writing, would return to his original style on becoming fatigued. Dr. C. D. Jones, of Boston, in reporting the case, states that the anomaly seems to be more common in England than in America. In one group of 451 the percentage of mirror-writers was 5.1, but in many reported instances the specimens have proven to be merely those of poor penmanship. Various explanations of the peculiarity have been offered. It seems to be most common with mental disease, but has been observed in persons of normal mental capacity, and one explanation is that it is due to left-handedness and some preponderating influence of the left brain.

The Army of Panama.

Our naval officers off the coast of Panama note no activity in the ranks of the Colombian invading army. At last advice, according to the Denver Post, was sitting under a tree smoking cigarettes and scratching at fleas.

Might Spoil the Pleasure.

A German chemist claims to have discovered a way to extract nicotine from tobacco, making it harmless without spoiling the flavor. The Chicago News asks if it is to be harmless would men want to continue its use?

Most of the conclusions a man reaches theoretically are practically useless.

HIS PHILOSOPHY.

Wish I had nothing else to do but set around and laugh at things!

The whole world's funny through an' through, from you an' me clear up to kings.

You think that I am gay an' glad with not a thing to worry me.

I think the outlook's pretty bad, but your good fortune I can see.

Each woman sees a hat or dress that she thinks should have been for her—An' takes it by the large, I guess this world keeps gettin' funnier.

Each town is full of candidates that thinks they are the people's choice. All over these United States they're harkin' for the callin' voice.

An' each one wishes he'd the chance the other fellow has to win. But after all, it's just a dance—some goin' out, some comin' in.

We know the office seeks the man, an' that is why we never fail.

To try to hit upon a plan to leave a mighty well-made trail.

You worry when the agent calls to get his little monthly rent.

His heart with disappointment falls if he finds you without a cent.

We read about some millionaire who sings the joy of bein' poor.

An' know of poor men everywhere who scheme to make their fortunes sure.

The man who has large appetite must be content plain things to eat.

The rich man's in a sorry plight—his appetite he must entreat.

Wish I had nothing else to do but set around and laugh at things!

I'd chuckle for awhile at you, an' then I'd snicker at the kings.

You think that I am gay an' glad with not a thing to worry me.

I'd laugh at them that wants to walk; I'd laugh at them that wants to ride.

At the man who talks, I doesn't talk—if I was only satisfied.

—Chicago Daily Tribune.

The Salvation of Daniel

By WINFRED DOLAN

MRS. TRAPAUD was in high good feather; the bay mare and foal had fetched 130 golden sovereigns between them. Moreover, she had only given 80 guineas for the mare. Who will be astonished, therefore, that she found the news of her bargain quite an agreeable adjunct to her breakfast that morning?

Mrs. Trapaud was a woman of some humor; when her husband died she met a friend—a man also of some humor—who knew as all the world knew and as Mrs. Trapaud had never pretended to hide, that the marriage had been the reverse of happy. He looked at her weeds with a comprehending smile.

"Got your divorce at last?" he said. "Yes, and in the higher courts, too," she replied.

Mrs. Trapaud was always equal to any occasion.

When Trapaud died his widow carried on the work of his life; she continued to breed his horses. Not so much, but understood, from any touching sympathy with the dear departed as from a sound conviction that it was in her to make the thing pay. And she did.

It was a strange household composed of antiquated serving men and women who had been begotten and born on the estate and in whom the last expiring breath of feudalism lingered as though dying hard. Trapaud left no heir, and these farm and stable hands, these domestic serving maids, were Mrs. Trapaud's children. She doted and doted on them when they required it, she rubbed their backs when the rheumatism got importunate; she scolded, she praised, she rewarded and blamed—and they loved her.

But as in every fold there is one black sheep, so in this patriarchal family there was one strangeling. Daniel—he had no other name—had not been born and bred on the estate; he had not even first seen light in the village; no, not within ten leagues of it, the gossip said. He came from practically nowhere; he was so very far away. On winter nights, when the evenings were long and dull, the younger ones—for age was a mere matter of comparison in the Trapaud household—would coax old Mrs. Goodheart to tell again the story of how Daniel first came to the hall.

"It was a wild, black night, just such a one as this," the old housekeeper would begin.

"And 'twas wind were howling in the chimney, we knows," would interpolate an irresponsible voice.

"Will ye never learn to hold yer tongue then and not interrupt the story?" a chorus of voices would protest, and then, Mrs. Goodheart having duly allowed herself to be appeased, the story would drag out its slow, familiar existence, punctuated with "ohs" and "ahs" and "theer nows" that had become sanctified by custom into a sort of rite. But the reader who does not know what 365 days spent on a midland horse farm situated a good 20 miles from anywhere on the map can be like would hardly appreciate the art with which Daniel's history was told, so we will offer a brief and more modern up to day sketch that shall state the plain matter in a nutshell.

One Christmas eve a quarter of a century ago the hospitable glare of a fire that not only could roast an ox, but was actually doing so, attracted a little ragged fellow who was tramping along the high road in search of a night's lodging. One of the keepers found him in the plantation and dragged him after him till they stood in the glare of the firelight before Trapaud, his wife, and the assembled household. Questioned, the little fellow said his name was Daniel; he was a foundling and had been put out to service with a drunken carpenter, from whom he had run away. He had got as far north as this in a barge along the canals and had worked at whatever came to his hand for all the food and lodging that charity had not given him. Trapaud liked the lad's face and took him into his service. He was honest and industrious, he had risen by slow degrees, and now for seven years he had been butler at the hall. Daniel took a pathetic pleasure in

hearing his own story recited, it made him feel a kind of hero, but there was always the ever-present ache at his heart that he ought his proud position at the cost of love and fear. He was never quite one of them, but a thing apart as a man who does not know his own surname must ever be.

Mrs. Trapaud was habitually careful about money, never leaving carelessly about any sums however small. She never distrusted any of her people, but she knew the value of the axiom concerning the open door. On this particular morning, however, she rang the bell for breakfast to be cleared while the 130 sovereigns were still lying glistening in the sun upon the table.

Daniel answered the summons as usual and began to clear away. As he did so his eye fell on the money and he gave a little quick, sharp gasp. Mrs. Trapaud heard it and turned to look at him.

"Yes," she said, "it's a lot of money, isn't it, Daniel? One hundred and thirty pounds. The bay mare and her foal fetched it."

Daniel murmured some reply, and went on removing the breakfast things. Mrs. Trapaud rose, folded her napkin leisurely, and gathering up the gold pieces, crossed to the fireplace and put them in a tidy little heap on the mantelpiece. Then she walked into the conservatory that opened out of the room to see how her pointsettia was coming on. Suddenly her pulses stopped and her heart stood still to listen

THE HERALD.

MINIATURE ALMANAC
MARCH 30SUN RISES 5:51 MOON RISES 07:12 P. M.
SUN SETS 5:07 FULL MOON 11:45 A. M.
LENGTH OF DAY, 12:06Last Quarter, April 5th, 10:55, morning, W.
New Moon, April 12th, 2:05, evening, W.
First Quarter, April 20th, 3:35, evening, E.
Full Moon, April 28th, 11:55, morning, E.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Should you fail to receive your Herald regularly communicate with the office at once either by telephone, No. 37, or by messenger. We intend to give careful attention to our delivery system. Subscribers can pay bills monthly at the office or to the collector.

F. W. HARTFORD,
Treasurer.

THE TEMPERATURE

Sixty-five degrees above zero was the temperature at THE HERALD office at two o'clock this afternoon.

CITY BRIEFS

Today is pay day in the city departments.

Strawberries are in the market, but the price is high.

The vegetarian's period of discontent is nearly over.

Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.

High rates for coal transportation by water may affect the traffic.

Lifesaving stations along the York coast are insistently demanded.

The Legislature has given us considerable good roads legislation.

Forty-five Minutes from Broadway played in Concord on Friday night.

Ice cream, frozen pudding and sherbet delivered from Taylor's for Easter dinner.

The hope that Peppercorn's Cove will be dredged is very general among seafaring men.

Portsmouth will see one of the biggest New York hits in years in "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway" at Music Hall this evening.

Portsmouth does not yet seem to be awake to the serious nature of the brown-tail moth problem.

The early season demand for cottages at York Harbor justifies the prediction of a prosperous season.

The men of the street department have been removing the snow and ice from the sides of the city thoroughfares.

The florists about the city are working overtime in preparation for Easter and report orders exceptionally heavy.

The original New York company, with Fay Templeton, will present "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway" at Music Hall this evening.

The members of the High School senior class are planning for the most elaborate commencement reception in years.

A fine supper and a fine entertainment for twenty-five cents at the North Church Parish House next Thursday evening.

Feel languid, weak, run-down? Headache? Stomach "off"?—Just a plain case of lazy liver. Burdock Blood Bitters tones liver and stomach, promotes digestion, purifies the blood.

"Coming Thro' the Rye" will play at Concord April 5, and five hundred seats have been reserved for the Mystic Shriners who will attend in a body. The curtain will be rung up at seven o'clock, as the Shriners will have a meeting after the play.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to heartily thank the numerous friends, relatives and acquaintances who sent such beautiful floral tributes and assisted us in any way in bearing our recent affliction.

TIMOTHY CONNORS,
MISS JOHANNA CROWLEY,
MISS ANNIE CROWLEY.

CARD OF THANKS

To those who by beautiful flowers and acts and words of sympathy have tried to make our burden of affliction lighter, we take this method of expressing our heartfelt gratitude.

MRS. AGNES McKENNEY,
JAMES HENNESSEY,
WILLIAM HENNESSEY,
JEREMIAH HENNESSEY.

MARY MANNERING RECOVERS

Mary Mannering, the actress, has recovered from her illness and will resume her tour in "Glorious Betsy" at Elgin, Ill.

NOTICE

Mrs. Taylor wishes to announce that in future the price of ice cream in bulk will be \$1.00 a gallon, in bricks \$1.25 a gallon.

READY FOR BUSINESS

Tax Assessors Will Now Begin Active Work

INVENTORY OF POLLS TO BE STARTED AT ONCE

The first out-of-door work of the board of assessors of taxes will begin on Monday, April 1, and it will be no April fool joke.

The assessors have hired assistance for this work and have divided the city into districts.

The men who are to go out for the poll taxes for four days are former City Messenger Warrington Moulton, former City Clerk William H. Moran and George H. Ayers.

After these men have canvassed for the poll taxes, the members of the assessing board will themselves take up the real estate and personal property in and on the outskirts of the city.

This work is not expected to be finished before the middle of May and is a considerable undertaking for the board.

The system in vogue under the old board has been practically wiped out and everything started new. A problem that is hard to solve and one that will give more or less trouble will be the poll taxes at the North End, which is inhabited by a large foreign element. However, the assessors say the money is due and they intend to collect it, in one way or another.

SAME OLD TROUBLE

Street Sprinkling Problem Again Starts Arguments

Again the sprinkling of the streets for the season is coming up for much discussion among the business men and residents.

This has been something that has for the past few years caused no end of trouble and it has been a hard nut to crack. This year the appropriation bill carries nothing to help keep down the dust and it looks as if we are up against it once more.

However, the Merchants' Exchange is looking into the matter and it is understood that if the matter is not settled in some other way the Exchange may take it up and furnish some kind of service during the heated term.

No doubt almost anybody would take the job if the contractor could get pay for the work in advance, but otherwise it's a job that goes begging.

A NEW SYSTEM

Electric Lighting To Be Installed In This City

The Rockingham County Light and Power Company has for some time been contemplating the introduction of a new system of electric lighting.

This system will be installed in the near future and will result in a great improvement in the service.

This will not mean a reduction in the rates, so far as a reduction in the gross income of the company is concerned, but it will give large consumers what will practically be a lower rate.

The new system will be strictly up to date in every way.

OBSEQUES

Seldom has there been witnessed such a manifestation of love and esteem for a beloved resident as that exhibited on Friday afternoon, when the body of Mrs. Ellen Connors was laid at rest.

The funeral cortege, which was one of the longest ever seen in this city, left the residence at half-past two and proceeded to the Church of the Immaculate Conception, which was crowded with sorrowing friends and relatives, all anxious to pay the last sad tribute to the woman they loved so well in life.

Rev. Fr. William J. Cavanaugh conducted the funeral service.

The floral offerings were beautiful and unusually numerous, attesting the loving reverence for the memory of Mrs. Connors.

The pall bearers were Michael Ahearn, William Casey, Edmund Quirk, John Corcoran, Dennis Moulton and John Sullivan.

Interment was in Calvary cemetery, under the

MARY had a KODAK! And everywhere that Mary goes, she takes the picture taker. She carried it to school one day; And while against the rule, The teacher told her to fire away, And photograph the school.

The perfect pictures reproduced—A simple process seen. Each Sunday straight to Montgomery's went, And bought the KODAK MACHINE.

And so it is the world over. One KODAK makes other KODAKERS. The advantages of the Daylight Loading Film Cartridge are in evidence everywhere. My friend, follow the example of Mary—join the great KODAK army. Be sure it is a KODAK—the market is burdened with Cameras that will give you much annoyance. Not so with the KODAK. Be sure it is an EASTMAN, then it is a genuine KODAK.

AGENCY AT Montgomery's ART STORE

H. P. Montgomery's,
6 Pleasant Street Opp. P. O.

direction of Undertaker William P. Miskell.

The funeral of Mrs. Catherine Hennessey took place from the Church of the Immaculate Conception Friday morning at half-past ten.

That Mrs. Hennessey was loved and respected could not have been better attested than by the large number of sorrowing friends and acquaintances who attended the services, conducted by Rev. Fr. Walter Dee.

The floral emblems were beautiful, expressing the sorrow and sympathy which could not be told in words.

The pallbearers were Jeremiah, William and James Hennessey and John Foden.

Interment was in St. Mary's cemetery, Undertaker William P. Miskell in charge.

The flowers sent by grief stricken friends and relatives were as follows:

Spray of lilies, Mr. and Mrs. James Hennessey;

Wreath, Mr. and Mrs. Harry McKenney;

Mound, "Nana," Grandchildren;

Sheaf of wheat, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Brooks;

Floral clock, Employees of Portsmouth Brewing Company;

Crescent, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Woods;

Mound, Mr. and Mrs. Karl Finck;

Spray of lilies, Miss Mary Hurley and Miss Nellie Long;

Mound, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fisher;

Mound, Mr. and Mrs. John Sanford;

Spray of pinks, Mrs. Mary Fleming;

Spray of pinks, John Foden.

The funeral of Mrs. Annie Obrey was held this (Saturday) afternoon at half-past two o'clock from her late home on Bear street, Rev. C. O. Parnham officiating. Burial was in South cemetery, Undertaker O. W. Ham in charge.

REPAIRS AND ALTERATIONS

At Plant of the Frank Jones Brewing Company

The Frank Jones Brewing Company is making numerous repairs at the plant, including cement floors in the cellars and repairs and alterations in the mill houses.

The company has recently installed a complete telephone system, connecting every important room and place in the brewery and outside buildings, which is working excellently and proving a great convenience to the company.

BELL CHIME WHISTLE

Placed on the West Wing of the Forge Plant

A large bell chime whistle, six feet by two, is being placed on the west wing of the forge plant and as soon as the large steam instrument is properly adjusted it will be heard morning, noon and night, at the beginning and ending of the working day at the new plant.

Judging from its size, with the necessary pressure of steam, it ought to be heard for miles.

Let her blow, when you're ready.

WILL NOT BE CLOSED UNTIL JUNE 1

It is now understood that the deal by which Hotels Rockingham and Wentworth are to be sold will not be closed until June 1.

GREAT SPRING VALUES

A complete assortment of the

Newest Goods In The Market

Come early and make your selections while the line is unbroken.

YOURS FOR BARGAINS

AMERICAN CLOAK CO.

14 Market St.

Entrance 2 Ladd St.

Terms—Cash or Credit

WOULD BUILD CLUBHOUSE

Mr. Bailey Makes Proposition To Kittery Yacht Club

Charles T. Bailey of Kittery has offered to build a clubhouse, twenty-two feet by thirty feet, for the Kittery Yacht Club on his land on what is known as Bailey's Point. The site, which was the original choice of the club, lacks nothing of being ideal.

The plans of Mr. Bailey contemplate a house with a French roof, a wide piazza surrounding it and a well appointed kitchen on the second floor.

It is stipulated that the club must take a lease for five years and the proposition will be considered at a meeting to be held on Monday evening. If the decision is favorable, work on the building will be started at once.

THEY ARE FAVORABLE

Kittery People Like the Water District Plan

That Kittery people are deeply interested in and highly favorable to the proposed water district was proven beyond doubt on Friday evening.

The meeting of citizens held in that town showed that any possible opposition had been overcome by a study of the situation and the establishment of the water district seems to be assured.

Hon. Horace Mitchell talked for an hour and answered the questions of the voters in a manner most satisfactory.

IN KEEPING WITH THE SEASON

The Easter display in the windows of N. H. Beane and Company on Congress street has been much admired. It is fully in keeping with the season and gives evidence of more than ordinary skill in window dressing, as well as exceptional artistic taste.

SENATE RECONSIDERS ACTION

The state Senate on Friday reconsidered the passage of the bill providing for an extension of the state highway system and made it a special order for next Tuesday.

NEW AND SECOND HAND SEWING MACHINES.

SUPPLIES AND EXPERT REPAIRS ON ALL MAKES.

Chadwick & Trefethen,

11 BOW ST.

FOR SALE

One 18 ft. Dinghy.

One 21 ft. Power Launch with or without Engine.

One 20 ft. Power Launch with 5 H. P. Double Cylinder Essex Special Engine.

One 30 ft. Cabin Launch with 8 H. P. Essex Standard Engine.

AGENT FOR THE ESSEX ENGINE

C. H. STEWART

PLUMBING

AND

Gas Fitting

Jobbing a Specialty.

J. P. McCaffery

Haven Ct., off High

Telephone 321-2

YOUR EASTER TIE.

You'll want one surely.

Even if a man buys nothing else that's new for wardrobes for Easter, he always buys an Easter Tie.

Spring's choice creations are ready. Our Neckwear display is a glorious one.

All the new shapes from the shops of the best makers—New Silks, New Colorings, New Ideas.

25c, 50c and \$1.00.

Our Neckwear display is well worth coming to see.

F. W. LYDSTON & CO.

CLOTHES THAT SATISFY.

SPRING SUITINGS,

OVERCOATINGS, VESTINGS AND TROWSERINGS.

Our stock is selected carefully, chosen with discriminating care and a ripened judgment in buying and selling from the best productions of the weaver's art, and as a consequence we offer the finest

Domestic and Imported Woolens

to be found in the city. Among the woolen certainties for Spring and Summer we show a full range of special patterns in exclusive designs and many decided novelties in all the newest weaves as well as the favorite staple goods.

Military and Naval Tailoring.

CHARLES J. WOOD,

3 PLEASANT STREET.

TELEPHONE 311-12.

BLAKE WHISKEY SCHLITZ' LAGER

JONES' ALE

ELDRIDGE'S LAGER PORTSBURGER LAGER

Andrew O. Caswell

BOTTLER,

12 1-2 Porter St. - - Telephone Connection.

PORTSMOUTH HALF STOCK ALE.

BUDWEISER LAGER ARMOUR'S EXTRACT OF BEEF

Dinner Sets

Ten 112 piece dinner sets in green or brown. These sets sold for \$9.00.

SALE PRICE \$6.25

Five 112 piece sets in all colors, regular price \$13.00

Sale Price \$9.49

OLIVER W. HAM,

Complete House Furnisher.